

More Time for Other Things



A Modern Glenwood

"Makes Cooking Easy"

REYNOLDS & SON, BARRE.

HOT BLOOD.

[Original.]

On a sunny April morning some fifty years ago a young man, Edward Page, and a girl, Della Vennard, were walking along the bank of a stream in Louisiana. Page was a recent graduate of a northern university and had gone to Louisiana as a teacher. Previous to his coming Miss Vennard had accepted attention from Pierre Legate, a creole and the son of a planter. Page had no sooner appeared than the young lady began to divide her favors between the two men. Legate, a hot blooded son of the south, was furious and took no pains to conceal his enmity toward Page. Page, who considered it the lady's part to decide to whom she would grant her favors, paid no attention to his rival's wrath. He did not know the danger of interfering with a man whose inherited excitability French blood had been heated by the hot sun of Louisiana.

As I was saying, Page and Miss Vennard were walking on the bank of the stream. They were protected from the sun by the moss which in that country hangs in festoons upon the boughs of the trees. About them was that fan shaped vegetation peculiar to the climate, while here and there scattered a tiny green lizard. Suddenly from among the trees on the other side of the stream the girl saw Legate step forth, and in an instant he had drawn a pistol and pointed it at Page, who did not see him. Miss Vennard sprang before the northerner just as a puff of smoke appeared at the muzzle of Legate's weapon, followed by a crack. She sank down, blood trickling from a wound in her side.

Legate, seeing what he had done and being unable to cross the stream, wrung his hands, then started to a bridge some distance above. When he arrived at the spot where the girl had fallen Page and Miss Vennard were gone. Page had carried her to her home.

Miss Vennard's wound was not serious. The first thing she did after her arrival at home was to exact a promise from Page that he would not reveal the cause of the trouble and that he would not seek revenge from Legate.

After her recovery Miss Vennard continued to accept Page's attentions as before. Whether she met Legate or not no one knew. Legate expected that Page would challenge him, but since he did not the creole resolved to force him to fight. One morning the two happened to meet in the central square of the little town where they lived, and Legate in presence of others approached Page, called him a northern scoundrel and threw a glove in his face. This new offense virtually relieved Page from his promise. Besides, he had now either to challenge Legate or leave the country, for at that time public opinion would not admit of any other course. He sent Legate a challenge.

They met in an open space by the stream on whose bank the outrage had occurred. Their seconds tossed for first shot. Legate just before the meeting had come to his senses so far as to see that if he killed Page his previous attempt to murder him might come out. He decided to simply get the better of him, though he found it difficult to forego a shooting to kill. He was a splendid shot and if he won the toss could win or kill his enemy, as he liked. Fortune favored Legate. He won first shot and struck Page in his right hand, the hand in which he held his pistol, knocking the weapon from his grasp.

This ended the matter, at least temporarily, for Page could not or did not attempt to shoot with his left hand. But if the southern blood is quick to anger the northern blood is slow to heal. Some months after Page's wound had healed he sent his enemy word that he wanted the affair between them finished. They met again, this time, at Page's suggestion, on the very spot where Legate had tried to murder him.

Again they tossed for first shot, again Legate won, and again he struck his opponent in the right hand, rendering it useless. Legate looked relieved, and the seconds considered the affair ended. But Page took up his pistol with his left hand and covered his enemy.

"Mr. Legate," he said, "since our last meeting I have learned to shoot with my left hand, but I am not going to kill you. I have given away your life, not to you, but to a lady you have injured. She is now my promised wife, and I warn you that she and I in future will plan together to defend ourselves from your hostility. Do you see that knot on that tree?" He raised his pistol and put a bullet in the center of it. "I have shown you that your life is mine to give, but I require something in return. Leave this state and never return. If you are here tomorrow morning proceedings will be commenced against you to answer to a charge of attempted murder, and what with that?"

The villain as he was to be pictured in song and story has passed out. Legate had been mastered by his passions. His love for Miss Vennard interfered with another had impelled him to attempt murder and to unintentionally injure the girl he loved; but, if his southern hot blood impelled him to do penance. When his successful rival ceased to speak Legate's head dropped upon his breast, which heaved convulsively. Finally he mastered himself sufficiently to say: "I ask you only to give me pardon for me. Neither she nor you shall ever see me again. I am convinced that self control is what all men should strive for, and I am going to the cool northern land where it is to be found."

THE SCRAP BOOK

Why He Is a Bachelor.

"I've been very close to matrimony several times," remarked a confirmed old bachelor at an uptown club, "and every time my inclination has been sidetracked by the same sort of incident—the discovery of a trait which appears to be practically universal among the fair sex."

"Drink!" asked the cynic.

"No; the confidence game. Every woman I ever knew intimately was sure to relate to me eventually something in 'strictest confidence,' which later it appeared had been told to her in 'strictest confidence.' I won't tie up with a woman who does that."

"Guess you'll die single, all right," said the cynic.

"I'm sure of it," said the bachelor.—New York Globe.

A Bargain.

He—Miss Hunt, I love you, but now I dare not dream of calling you mine. Yesterday I was worth \$10,000, but today, by a turn of fortune's wheel, I have but a few paltry hundreds to call my own. I would not ask you to accept me in my reduced state. Farewell forever!

She—(cagari)—Good gracious! Reduced from \$10,000 to \$100! What a bargain! Of course I'll take you. You might have known I couldn't resist.—Magazine.

Odd Use for the Tongue.

The brakeman moaned and sighed, a clinder in his eye.

"I'll tongue it out for you," said the conductor, and he bent over his associate, ran his tongue over the pupil of the man's eye and in a jiffy had put out the clinder.

"On railroads, in foundries, in stockholes," the conductor said afterward, "wherever clinders get continually in the eye, there everybody extracts them in one way—with the tongue. The tongue removes things better than any instrument would do. It sweeps the eye clean as a flood sweeps a river bed. Further, it is painless. Its passage over the eyeball is, indeed, a rather pleasant sensation. As regards the sensations of the owner of the tongue—well!" —New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A Queer Epitaph.

I may perhaps be allowed an inquiry with regard to a stone said to have been removed from Epworth churchyard within the memory of persons now living, but when or by whom nobody can say. It was to the memory of one Richard Towris, "and it bore this inscription:

Who lies here? Who do you think? Richard Towris, and he liked drink. Drink! Drink, for why? Because Richard Towris was always dry.

—London Notes and Queries.

Watery.

"Looks like rain today," said the militiaman as he poured the customary quart from his can to the pitcher.

"It always does," replied the housewife, compressing her lips with cold significance.

Stiffening an oath, he took up his liquid burden and departed heavily.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

The Dangerous Fly.

Although the mosquito specializes on yellow fever and malaria and is universally recognized as an enemy to be fought outright, scientists have come to regard the common house fly as the more dangerous. The mosquito will spread only one or two diseases, but the house fly's only specialty is filth. Typhoid germs, tuberculosis germs and a hundred other germs are all the same to it. It is a scavenger that drops its load of refuse in the butter or the milk.

Her Expense Account.

"How is your lady drummer doing?"

"Pretty fair. But say?"

"Yes?"

"You ought to hear the bookkeeper swear as he checks off the face powder and fudge."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Grumpy Uncle.—Is the child really precocious? Friend of Family—Remarkably so. Three years old and hasn't said a word.—Puck.

REPUBLICANS MEET.

Rhode Island Sends Delegates Uninstructed.

Providence, R. I., March 27.—The Republican state convention, in session here yesterday, was a routine affair and while three delegates at large to the national convention were chosen they were not instructed for any candidate. The delegates at large are Andrew J. Currier of Cumberland, John Fletcher of Providence, Ezra Dixon of Bristol and Alexander G. Krumb of Westerly.

The expected opposition to General Charles R. Brayton, the blind national committeeman, materialized to some extent, but was not carried out.

The platform adopted was an endorsement of the national administration, including the Roosevelt policies.

HEPBURN MEASURE IS PRACTICALLY KILLED

Belief General That Judiciary Committee Won't Report It Out.

Washington, March 27.—Officials of the National Civic Federation and administration members of Congress are chagrined at the fact that bill to modify the Sherman law, which was introduced in the House, has been referred to the judiciary committee instead of the interstate commerce committee, of which Representative Hepburn is chairman.

The reference of a bill to the judiciary committee is generally considered equivalent to killing it. Representative Hepburn at the White House yesterday said that for any three members of the judiciary committee to agree on anything was not to be expected.

FEAR SENATOR PENROSE IS NOW AT DEATH'S DOOR.

Friends Express Grave Doubts About His Recovery.

Philadelphia, Pa., March 27.—The condition of United States Senator Penrose, who is critically ill at his home in this city, is causing great alarm, and there are grave doubts as to his recovery.

This is the tenth day of the senator's illness, and the physicians hoped that he would show some sign of improvement. As this has not occurred they fear that the continued extreme critical condition of the patient may draw so heavily upon his vitality that he may be unable to rally enough to pass the crisis.

RUTLAND MAN PROMOTED.

Made Assistant Superintendent Atlantic Gulf & Pacific Constructing Co.

Rutland, March 27.—Walter H. Horton has resigned as superintendent of the Rutland street railway company to accept the position of assistant superintendent of the Atlantic Gulf & Pacific construction company of New York.

Mr. Horton came here in 1902 and was prominently identified with the extension of the street railway to Fair Haven and also the building of the Chittenden Power Co.'s plants in Chittenden and Mendon.

ACCIDENT FAKERS.

Men Who Are Able to Swindle the Insurance Companies.

"Accident insurance companies are very suspicious of all accidents involving injury to the knee. For it is on his knee that the accident faker mainly relies."

The speaker, a surgeon, frowned and went on:

"There are men who make a living out of fake accidents. They travel from city to city; they insure in every company that issues accident policies; then, with a fake injury, they proceed to collect dues."

"An accident faker—for so we call these men—ins usually a knee that he can slip out at will. He purposely stumbles over an open trap or some hard, sharp obstacle, puts his knee out deftly, raises a big boiler so as to secure a lot of witnesses and then he goes home."

"He doesn't notify his insurance companies till the next day. By then his knee is so swollen that an accurate examination of it is impossible. We cannot tell whether it is one of those fake, self-slipping knees or not. So we pay the man his money, and he seeks new pastures."

"There was one man—he is in jail now—who in nine years collected over \$11,000 in accident policies with the help of a knee that he could slip out as easily as I slip my hand out of my glove."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

After the Races.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day; the roughly heeled winds blow over the sea. They failed to guess, as sporting people say, which was the shell that hid the little pen.—Washington Herald.

It is not a question of how much a man knows, but what he can make of what he knows.—Holland.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

Has been used for over SIXTY-FIVE YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHEN TEETHING, FOR PERFECT RESULTS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS THE GUMS, ALLAYS ALL PAIN, CURES COLIC, AND IS THE BEST REMEDY FOR DIARRHEA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup," and take no other kind. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Sent by mail on receipt of the price. Name and address on the label and three cents in stamps. Send to: J. C. Winslow & Co., 123 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

ESTRANGED, TAKES ACID

Woman, Hungering For Husband's Love

TAKES POISON, WILL DIE

Mrs. Andrew J. Borden, Who Belongs to a Wealthy Newton Family, Failing to Effect a Reconciliation, Thought Life Was Not Worth Living.

Providence, March 27.—Unable to effect a reconciliation with her husband, from whom she recently parted, Mrs. Andrew J. Borden, who made her home in Newton Highlands with her mother, Mrs. Emaline Crane, took a vial of carbolic in the Narragansett hotel, here, early yesterday, and is dying in the Rhode Island hospital.

Mrs. Borden is the daughter of the late Moses E. Crane, a well known inventor, who owned a fine estate in Newton Highlands. Her husband is a relative of the Borden of Fall River.

When the young woman, suffering from a terrible nervous ailment, was being removed from the hotel, her husband arrived. He fainted at the sight of his wife. He was carried unconscious to one of the rooms of the hotel and was later removed to his apartments at 44 Lillian avenue, where he has lived since his separation from his wife.

There is an air of strange mystery surrounding the case. While manifesting the deepest love for one another, the couple had remained apart. Borden, who is a successful business man and reputed to be wealthy, cried out in anguish for his wife when he regained consciousness. He is in a serious condition.

Mrs. Borden, who is 32 years old, and dresses in the height of fashion, arrived early yesterday afternoon at the Narragansett hotel. Several times she telephoned to her husband's apartments. According to the police and hotel authorities who have been investigating the case, she talked to her husband when she first called, but when he learned who was at the other end of the wire he rang off. He refused to answer other calls which she made to him. He also declined to meet her.

Later, she again tried to get her husband by telephone, but without success. It was early yesterday that a boy passing the door of her room heard a commotion that aroused his suspicions. He notified the night clerk. No response was received from inside and the door was broken in. The young woman was found lying on the bed, unconscious, her face terribly burned. On the bureau, side of her bed, was an empty phial that had contained carbolic acid.

Two physicians called at the hotel in response to hurried appeals and revived the woman, so that she was able to talk. She refused to tell why she had taken the carbolic acid. She called frequently for her husband. Later on she became unconscious again.

It was while she was being taken from the room to an ambulance that her husband rushed into the hotel and dropped to the floor when he saw his wife. No hope is given by the hospital physicians of saving the woman's life.

Another Surprised to Hear of Daughter's Act.

Boston, March 27.—Mrs. Borden's mother, Mrs. Moses E. Crane of 213 Lake avenue, Newton Highlands, yesterday received a telegram from Providence which read:

"Hertha Borden dying at Providence hospital."

"That is all I know of the affair," said she when seen by a reporter for The Herald. "My son, Newton, has gone there to investigate. I supposed, until I received the message, that my daughter was in Boston."

"Since she separated from her husband at Christmas, she has been engaged in literary work. She wrote for newspapers and magazines. She did some work for the Cambridge Times and for one of the Boston dailies."

"She has always been a very smart and capable girl. The fact is she was obliged to support herself. At least that is the way she looked at it. Her husband, she says, isn't a good provider and she has to support herself."

"Mrs. Borden is a mechanic. My daughter met him while she was teaching school at Westport. The match was not sanctioned by the parents of either, but they ran away and were married. I don't think there is any question about their love for each other."

"They have two beautiful children, Vivian, aged 9, and Beatrice, aged 6. Until a few days the children had been living with a niece of mine, Mrs. Brown who lives on Lowell street, Lindham, but their father appeared there early in the week and said he wanted them. He carried them to Providence."

"I don't know why my daughter should have been led to do anything like this. She has been married 10 years. She graduated from the Newton high school and from Smith college in the class of 1896. After leaving college she started teaching, and then met Mr. Borden."

Mrs. Borden's maiden name was Bertha Crane. The Crane family is one of the oldest and most prominent in the Newtons. The Crane homestead is near the shores of Crystal lake and commands an ideal view.

Mr. Crane acquired a large fortune from a dozen or more inventions, most of them relating to the fire alarm system.

Mrs. Crane said yesterday she was closing the house to spend the rest of her life in San Francisco. She has another son in Spokane.

A True Saying.

The burglar had found a fresh beef-steak in the pantry.

Springing it with arsenic, he took it out and dropped it over the backyard fence, for there was a dog in the next yard that threatened to alarm the neighborhood.

"How true it is," he said to himself, "that one man's meat is another man's poison!"—Chicago Tribune.

COUGHS AND COLDS, HOARSENESS AND BRONCHIAL AFFECTIONS DUE TO IRRITATION OF THE MUCOUS SURFACE, ARE QUICKLY RELIEVED BY VIRGIN OIL OF PINE

This preparation possesses all the medicinal properties of pine, being a compound of the active principles of forest trees. Every precaution is taken, in its composition, to insure purity and freshness. Its action on the kidneys is highly beneficial, and usually relieves a case of ordinary lame back in a day or two.

Be sure to get the genuine Virgin Oil of Pine compound pure, prepared only by Leach Chemical Co., Cincinnati, O., and put up for dispensing through druggists only in 1-2-oz. vials, each vial securely sealed in a round wooden case.

Properties, uses and directions with every vial.

VANDERBILT CAN'T SAY WHY HIS WIFE LEFT.

Refuses to Deny or Affirm the Story of Separation—Going to England.

New York, March 27.—Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt would not admit, when questioned at the Knickerbocker club, that he and his wife, Elsie French Vanderbilt, had separated. Mrs. Vanderbilt, who moved her belongings from Oakland farm at Newport, has gone to the home of her brother, Amos Tuck French, president of the Manhattan Trust company, in Tuxedo Park.

Mr. Vanderbilt, who was on his way to his office in the New York Central station, was asked if he and Mrs. Vanderbilt had agreed to separate and live apart.

"I don't care to talk about the matter," he replied.

"Will you confirm or deny the story that a separation has been agreed upon?" was asked.

"I will not," said Mr. Vanderbilt.

"Have you been served with papers in a divorce proceeding?"

"If it were true," he said, "I wouldn't mind saying so, but it isn't true."

Mr. Vanderbilt said he didn't know why his wife packed up and left Oakland farm.

"If I knew I wouldn't have any hesitancy in giving the reason," said Mr. Vanderbilt. "Mrs. Vanderbilt is free to do as she pleases."

Chandler H. Anderson, Mr. Vanderbilt's counsel, was asked if he knew of any divorce action pending or contemplated.

"Mr. Vanderbilt has never discussed any question of a separation with me," said Mr. Anderson. "I have had no conference of any kind with him recently. It is all news to me and I don't believe it is true."

Amos Tuck French, who was at Tuxedo, establishing the belongings of his sister in his home, said: "I see no reason why I should be drawn into Mr. Vanderbilt's affairs. My sister will spend the summer at my home. That is all I have to say."

Alfred V. Vanderbilt will sail for England next Saturday for a long stay. He will run his coach venture between London and Brighton. His famous matched grays were sent over some time ago to be prepared for the road.

BURROWS OBJECTS TO SENATOR-ELECT SMITH.

Declares His Election Was Not in the Proper Form.

Washington, March 27.—Senator Burrows, chairman of the committee on privileges and elections, yesterday made objection to the swearing in of Senator-elect Smith of Maryland, who was chosen to succeed the late Senator Whyte. Mr. Burrows based his objection on the ground that Mr. Smith's election had not been in accordance with the form prescribed by the constitution.

There had been a roll call of the Senators just previous to the proceeding for the purpose of securing a full attendance and almost all the senators were in their seats. Senator Rayner sat with Mr. Smith, prepared to escort him to the vice-president's desk in case the decision should be favorable to him.

ANTI-BUCKET SHOP BILL REPORTED TO ASSEMBLY

Committee Favors It, Unamended—Laid Aside in Senate.

Albany, March 27.—The "anti-bucket shop" bill of Assemblyman O'Brien of Buffalo was reported favorably yesterday without amendment by the committee on codes.

The identical bill of Senator Cassidy, reported in like manner some time ago by the Senate committee, came up in the Senate, and was laid aside at the request of the introducer because of the absence of Senator Grady, who opposed it Monday night.

A Governess Not Needed.

Lady—I am looking for a governess for my children.

Manager of intelligence office—Didn't we supply you with one last week?

"Yes."

"Well, madam, according to her report you don't need a governess. You need a lion tamer!"—Life.

A FLESH-FORMING FOOD.

When you buy a package of Samose, the great flesh-forming food, weigh yourself and see how much you gain in the first week's use. D. F. Davis will tell you of many of his customers who in a month or so ago were thin, pale and lagged, but who are now, through the use of Samose, plump, strong and happy, with perfect health and attractive flesh. He has seen so many instances of the wonderful power of Samose to restore the weak and sick to strength and health, and to make good natural flesh that he gives his personal guarantee with every package of Samose he sells to refund the money if it does not prove satisfactory.

Samose is a pure preparation, guaranteed under the Pure Food Law by serial number 6,053, and can be used with absolute confidence by the most delicate. It gives remarkable results with children who are weak and run down and without appetite. It builds up the pale, puny girl and woman to perfect plumpness and health. It is the only flesh-forming food of its kind and in addition, it strengthens every organ of the body, restoring strength and health to the whole system.

WOMAN'S WORLD A DAINTY GIFT.

The Girl Who Plays Will Enjoy a Music Case.

A dainty gift for the girl who plays is a cover to hold sheet music that can be laid on the piano or on a table near it. This prevents the unsightly litter of music that is often a source of conflict between mother and musical daughter.

Cut two pieces of heavy cardboard a little larger than the ordinary piece of music. Paste on each side with cotton batting and cover with linen taffeta, broadened silk or even plain art canvas in a color suitable to the room.

Paste the outer covering down over the pasteboard and baste the lining to it, turning in the edges neatly all around. Overcast together with the tiniest possible stitches.

Finish around the edge of the outside with gold braid. The two halves can be joined along the back edge by a piece of elastic webbing in a harmonizing color. This will stretch so as to hold any number of sheets of music.

Fasten the case in front with a small gilt button and a loop of colored elastic rather than with ribbon, which soils easily and must be constantly untied.

It is better to keep the music in this case loose, but if preferred the sheets can be pasted together and fastened to the back by ribbon run through the center and around the back of the case, or holes can be punched through case and music, and it can be tied in with three short pieces of ribbon.

These cases may be made of the simplest yet most artistic materials, such as cretonnes and English chintzes, or they can be elaborately embroidered on white silk or brocades, in gold and silver thread or in ribbon work.

An attractive cover for a green room would be of heavy green moire, with a medallion formed of half, quarter, eighth, sixteenth and thirty-second notes, worked in gold thread in solid embroidery and interlaced in an artistic way.

This should be large enough to hold a monogram, or the medallion could be oval in shape, with the word "Music Case" embroidered on the inside.

If a large floral design of taffeta is used, see that it comes evenly on the center of each board.

PRACTICE OPTIMISM.

This Art Makes Work a Joy and Life Happy.

In a recent number of Harper's Bazar Alice Fallows has an excellent and exceedingly helpful article upon the subject of "A Mind Cure For Women's Ills." Although every one of us would doubtless reap much benefit from a thoughtful consideration of the whole article, the last two paragraphs are especially worthy of every woman's most earnest consideration:

"Some mortals believe of the gods are so nicely balanced that they live without effort in a delightful equilibrium of mind, body and spirit that makes work a joy and living a pleasant procession of useful days. The rest of us, and we are the majority, must achieve our equilibrium by efforts that make us appreciate Patrick's famous progress to heaven—two steps up and one back. The practice in self control that makes perfect is gained from that trifling occurrence that seems so absurdly unimportant."

"An inflexible determination to meet what each hour brings efficiently and calmly and without irritation is the first requirement for nervous health. Next, the practice of optimism; not the flashy optimism that blinds the eyes to realities and wears a fatuous smile that never dies, but the intelligent optimism that sees two sides to every human happening and deliberately chooses the bright one until choice becomes a habit. This, in a nutshell, is psychotherapy, and by the application of it hundreds of nervous sufferers have won their way to health and peace of mind. Hundreds more, if they follow the prescription, can escape a breakdown altogether and learn a happier method of living than ever before. Out of this systematic training in the little things grows at last the trust, the 'wise passivity,' in meeting the hard-facts of life, that is only another name for the potential energy that conquers them. When the practice of optimism has subjugated depression and an orderly body obeys an orderly mind, there comes as a reward the buoyant hopefulness of health, the joy in mere living, that throws out its arms and with a frolic welcome takes the sunshine and the storm."

TABLE DECORATIONS.

When one is using a special flower for the decoration of the table at a formal luncheon or dinner, it is artistic to have the same flowers used as a garnish for as many of the dishes as possible.

Thus if one has daisies and ferns in the center of the table have the lampshades of green paper cut in narrow frondlike pieces to represent ferns.

Serve the oysters in their shells, with a wreath of ferns around the outside and a lemon nestling in a bed of daisies in the center.

Twine the stems of sherbet glasses in twinklehair if it can be done just before sending to the table; otherwise it will be too wilted.

If you have grape fruit served in glasses, have them standing in a wreath of daisies, with ferns on the stems, or if the half fruit is served let the edge of the plate be wreathed with a mixed wreath of ferns and daisies.

The leaves should be molded in the form of daisies if you care to go to the expense and should have a touch of platitude in them to represent the green.

When beauty consists of nothing more than surface loveliness, time of fees nothing but grief.

Hay's Hair Health

Never Fails to RESTORE GRAY or FADED HAIR to its NATURAL COLOR and BEAUTY

No matter how long it has been gray or faded. Promotes a luxuriant growth of healthy hair. Stops its falling out, and positively removes dandruff. Keeps hair soft and glossy. Refuse all substitutes. 2½ times as much in \$1.00 as 50c size.

IS NOT A DYE.

Philo Hay Sec. Co., Newark, N. J.
\$1 and 50c bottles, at druggists'—RED CROSS PHARMACY.

SELF RELIANCE.

The Lesson That Was Taught to Henry Ward Beecher.

Henry Ward Beecher used to tell this story of the way in which his teacher of mathematics taught him to depend upon himself:

"I was sent to the blackboard and went, uncertain, full of whimpering. 'That lesson must be learned,' said my teacher in a very quiet tone, but with a terrible intensity. All explanations and excuses he trod underfoot with utter scornfulness. I want that problem. I don't want any reasons why you haven't it? he would say."

"I did study two hours."

"That's nothing to me. I want the lesson. You need not study it at all or you may study it ten hours, just to suit yourself. I want the lesson."

"It was tough for a green boy, but it seasoned me. In less than a month I had the most intense sense of intellectual independence and courage to defend my recitations."

"One day his cold calm voice fell upon me in the midst of a demonstration, 'No!'"

"I hesitated and then went back to the beginning, and on reaching the same point again 'No!' uttered in a tone of conviction, barred my progress. 'The next!' And I sat down in red confusion."

"He, too, was stopped with 'No!' but went